

**EDITORS' APPEAL:** In justice to the brave men composing the Texas brigade under my command; which was comprised in General Churchill's division captured at the Post of Arkansas, on the 11th inst., by Gen. McClelland's grand Mississippi army and flotilla, I deem it my duty to make public the following facts relative to their treatment since the surrender.

According to the cartel of exchange agreed upon last July, by the United States and Confederate States governments, through their commissioners, Generals Dix and Hill, we should have been exchanged or paroled within ten days. This cartel, however, was utterly disregarded, and we were placed upon steamboats and sent up the Mississippi river. My brigade was crowded upon the steamer Nebraska, in a manner entirely inconsistent with the health of the men, to say nothing of comfort or decency. It consists of the 10th Texas infantry, and the 15th, 17th and 18th Texas dismounted cavalry. In addition, Capt. Alf. Johnson's spy company and a few sailors and marines belonging to the Confederate gunboat Ponchartrain, were also placed on this boat, making between eighteen hundred and two thousand prisoners; in addition, six companies of the 31st Iowa (Colonel Clarke) was placed on board as a guard, making altogether probably not less than from twenty-three to twenty-five hundred persons on this boat.

Many of the prisoners were sick, and so much were they crowded that many could not get a place to spread their blankets without being exposed to rain and snow, or else laying them in filth too disgusting to mention, consequently they had to stand or sit, night and day. Under these circumstances, of course sickness increased rapidly. We were kept in this state from the night of January 12th until the 23d, when the boat getting aground, a good many of the men were removed in order to lighten her.

All the above, however, sinks into absolute insignificance, when compared to the inhuman and malignant act of selecting for our guard, a regiment infected with the smallpox, and known to be so infected by the officer who ordered it. Of the companies of the 34th Iowa on the Nebraska, one has now six cases of smallpox. How many cases there may be in the other companies I do not know, but I presume that altogether there are not less than twenty cases among the companies now composing our guard. These sick have been kept in the same cabin with many of the sick prisoners. From the very nature of things, crowded as we have been, it has been utterly impossible to preserve the men from exposure to the contagion.

For the conception and execution of this fiendish act Maj. Gen. Sherman, United States army, commanding a corps of McClelland's grand Vicksburg army, is responsible. I am informed on credible authority that before leaving the Post of Arkansas, he was represented to General Sherman, through the proper channel, that the 35th Iowa had smallpox, and it was represented by Gen. Steel and perhaps other officers, to place it in quarters where the disease might be properly treated. This he not only refused to do, but ordered it to be sent as a guard to the Confederate prisoners.

Inhuman as such conduct is, still it is nothing more than might be expected from a black hearted wretch like Gen. Sherman, who told Col. R. R. Garland, also commanding a Texas brigade, and a prisoner of war, that he (Sherman) would, if he had the power, exterminate every man, woman and child, along the Mississippi river, in case another boat was fired into by the Confederate troops.

Such acts and sentiments as the above ought to be handed down to future infamy the name of General Sherman, coupled with that of his brother brute, Butler, the beast.

**JAMES DESHLER,**  
Colonel C. S. Artillery, commanding Texas brigade.

The Baltimore Republican commenting on Napoleon's letter to Gen. Forey, says:

"Must we under the lead of a jumbo of visionary madmen, still imitate the dog in the fable, and grasping at the shadow lose the substance? There is but one of two courses left for the Government to pursue, in order to avoid the very worst future consequences of these signs of the French Emperor. It will either be compelled to accept a war with France, whilst the South is still in arms, or by a speedy recognition of the seceded States, at once defeat the schemes of Napoleon and put an end to this civil war. We do not know whether this will be considered 'treason' by the powers that be, but our honest conviction that it is the only course by which, not only this country, but the continent, will be saved from complications with the diplomacy and powers of Europe."

"**MARKET PRICE.**"—In a recent debate in the senate on the impressment bill, Mr. Henry, of Tennessee, expressed the opinion that the "market price" was, of all standards of value, the most fallacious.

As an instance, said the senator, Richard, when down in the dust and blood of Bosworth field, offered his "kingdom for a horse."

A Senator—Was there any other bid? Mr. Henry said that there was no other bid, and that even without competition, that was the market value of a horse at that juncture.

Planters look to your hog pens. A distinguished author says "the pen is mightier than the sword."

# The

# American

# Citizen.

BY JOHN F. BOSWORTH.

"The price of Liberty is Eternal Vigilance."

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## DIVERSIFY YOUR PRODUCTS.

**MISSISSIPPI EDITORS.**—It has always appeared to me surprising that the planters of the South should persist in the cultivation of large crops of cotton to the manifest injury of their lands, and the lessening of the amount of money received for their crops. That the lands of the South are deteriorating, must be evident to the most superficial observer.

How is this evil to be remedied? It must be plain to every one that to plant less cotton, and more of everything else, is the only way; but will the planters do it? It is so obviously their interest; and that they are intelligent, I think a doubt cannot remain on the subject. The only difficulty it seems to me is to obtain consent of action. The large space over which cotton is planted renders it difficult to get the planters together to consult on what is best for them to do; but at the next meeting of the Cotton Convention, a system of sub societies, or sub-committees, in every county in the Cotton States, might be adopted, that would effectually accomplish the purpose. If half or two-thirds of the present breadth of land was put in cotton, the crop would yield more money than the whole breadth. Then the remaining land might be profitably cultivated in sweet potatoes, turnips, and in small grain, with an additional quantity of corn. What additional quantities of hogs, sheep, cattle and mules might be raised, and the lands enriched more and more every year. If this system was adopted, the South would become the most beautiful, the richest, the most abundant, the happiest and most independent country in the world. Add to all this, every county might have a Cotton Factory, to spin yarns, and export them to the north of Europe. The spinners in Lancaster county, in England, are wealthier and subjected to fewer vicissitudes, than any of the other cotton manufacturers in the country. I say then to my fellow planters, begin to manufacture, even with one hundred spindles, begin. I say again begin—you can find labor in abundance, as cheap as anywhere else, and all the materials and appliances in the greatest abundance. I say again begin, nay, I beseech you to begin.

To descend to a few particulars: suppose a planter to lessen his cotton crop, and plant one hundred acres of sweet potatoes, one hundred acres of the red top turnip, oats and wheat, in such quantities as he may deem sufficient. Suppose he puts one hundred sheep in the fall on his turnips, dividing off the field in small spaces at a time, allow the sheep to feed, trample and enrich the field during the whole winter at proper intervals, would not that field produce nearly double the quantity of cotton or corn the next year that it would do without this preparation? And the field of sweet potatoes treated in the same way with one hundred hogs, would it not produce a great improvement? And then the rye for your Devon Cows? what yellow butter, what abundance and improvement would follow, and still have more money for your cotton, than you can possibly obtain at present.

Hear me, my fellow planters, for I tell you the truth—I wish this might be published in every paper of the South, and the cry enter every ear.

**RUSTICUS.**

## FEDERAL OUTRAGES.

Let it be premised that in Nashville the Federal government has employed a lot of detectives, whose system of espionage equals that of France during the most terrible and bloody days of the revolution of 1793. It is the duty of these men to watch suspected citizens, both male and female, at all hours of the day and night, and in every place, not even excepting their bed chambers.

Very recently one of these scoundrelly detectives was given a number of pistols and charged to convey them to the house of some secession sympathizers, with what purport and object may be well imagined. He discovered that Mrs. Samuel, a widow lady, with only two daughters, who made her living by sewing, was an abnoxious as a friend of the South. Accordingly one of these miserable men, known as detective police, visited her with a basket of unmade clothing, beneath which was a lot of pistols, he represented at the same time that he represented a Southerner only wanted to conceal them for a short time. The good woman, anxious to serve the holy cause in which were embarked all her hopes, readily accepted the firearms.

That night a guard of Abolition soldiers visited and searched her premises, and of course found the pistols. They had only laid a decoy duck for her detection.

Of course Mrs. Samuel was arrested, and with only the clothes upon her, hurried off to Louisville and the North. A friend and neighbor who attempted to furnish her with clothing and food was punished by the guard with the remark: "We'll have you in Camp Chase next."

How long, oh, how long, are these outrages to pass unredressed?—*Shelbyville Banner.*

Friendship is like one soul in two bodies.

## THE CONFEDERATE TAX BILL.

The committee on ways and means has reported a tax bill to the house of representatives. The Whig gives the following synopsis of it:

The first section declares that a tax of one per centum shall be levied and collected on the value of all real and personal property, money and credits held on the 1st January, 1863, except such as may be employed in a licensed business or the profits of which are especially taxed.

Every profession or trade is especially taxed. Bankers \$300 license and ten per cent on the gross amount of profits. Auctioneers \$25 license and one per cent on gross amount of sales. Wholesale dealers in liquors \$100 license. Distillers \$100 license and ten per cent on gross amount of sales. Hotel keepers \$20 license and ten per cent on gross amount of profits. Keepers of eating houses the same. Brokers \$100 license and ten per cent on gross amount of profits. Livery stables \$25 license and one per cent on gross amount of profits. Cattle brokers \$25 license and one per cent on sales. Butchers and bakers the same. Pedlars \$50 license and one per cent on sales. Apothecaries \$25 license and one per cent on gross amount of sales. Lawyers and doctors \$25 license, each, and one per cent on gross amount of receipts. Confectioners \$25 license and one per cent on gross amount of sales. On salaries under \$1500 one per cent, and on all excess two per cent. Banks, savings institutions, insurance companies, gas, fire, marine, telegraph and manufacturing companies, fourteen per cent on dividends and sums added to surplus funds. Insurance companies, in addition, shall pay at the end of each quarter one per cent on gross receipts.

Property exempted from taxation:—head of a family with less than \$1000 value, schools, colleges, etc. Fire engines, books and family portraits and pictures, farming implements, agricultural products in hands of producer.

The final section implies that there is to be a final assessment by which this tax is to be levied. That is, while the government seizes the property of citizens at its own price, and without regard to the inflation of currency, the property for taxation is to be valued in the depreciated currency.

## THE EMPEROR RELENTING.

A late New York Herald issues the following editorial gossip, involving the French Emperor and Mr. Sidel:

From reliable sources we obtain information from Paris which induces us to conclude that the Emperor of the French has evidently made up his mind to espouse the cause of the South. The rebel leaders in Paris are now the recipients of imperial favor. The Empress has taken under her immediate patronage the prominent secession ladies who dwell in Paris, while the courtiers, one and all vie in their attentions to Sidel, his family and his circle of associates from the South. These are significant facts, and have a greater importance than would be attributed to them by those not aware how every action of Napoleon is weighed, how carefully he shadows forth his course by signs which escape the attention of the unwary, but which carry conviction those who have carefully watched his policy.

Until Napoleon fully made up his mind to favor the South, he was cold and forbidding to Sidel and his followers. They were not to be received at Court—in fact, were ostracized. Those were the days when our victories pressed closely upon each other; those the days when the continuance of the rebellion seemed impossible. Our successes, however, became worthless and without results, through the gross negligence and imbecility of our departments at Washington; and when it became evident that the chances of Davis for a successful resistance were augmenting, Napoleon relented somewhat towards Sidel, and allows the rebel a short half hour's audience. From that moment the hope of the secessionists rose. They well knew what importance to attach to Napoleon's least action. We met with reverses, while, to add to our complications it became evident to the world that the North was divided; that a few fanatics—men with but one thought, one desire—were driving the country to destruction. Then Napoleon invited Sidel to breakfast. When they heard in France that our gallant army had been repulsed at Fredericksburg, the Emperor took Sidel into his intimacy, and now he and his like are the favorites at the French Court. Those who know what this indicates will understand that Napoleon now openly espouses the cause of Davis. We shall not be surprised if our next files from Europe give details of the grand reception at the Tuileries of "his Excellency Sidel, Minister of President Davis."

Lead a good life; that is, live regularly, sociably, humbly; regularly as to yourself; sociably as to your neighbor; humbly, as to your God.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

## Blackwood on the Confederates.

Blackwood has a readable paper, entitled "A Month's Visit to the Confederate States." The writer is an admirer of Southern pluck and character. After witnessing a review of the Confederate army, he says:

"As the regiments marched past me, I remarked that, however slovenly the dress of the men of any particular company might be, their rifles were invariably in good serviceable order. They marched, too, with an elastic tread, the pace being somewhat slower than that of our troops, and seemed not vigorous and healthy, but each man had the unmistakable look of conscious strength and manly self-reliance, which those who are accustomed to review troops like to see. I have seen many armies file past in all the pomp of bright clothing and well polished accoutrements, but I never saw one composed of finer men, or that looked more like work, than that portion of General Lee's army which I was fortunate enough to see inspected."

Of the cavalry I saw but little, as Gen. Stuart had left for his raid into Pennsylvania the day I reached headquarters, and only returned a couple of days before I commenced my homeward journey. I did remark, however, that all the men rode well, in which the Northern cavalry, striking contrast to their horses, even trotting. Indeed, I have no doubt but that all who have seen the Northern troops on duty in Washington will agree with me in thinking them the greatest scare crows under the name of cavalry that they ever saw. Apropos of them, a Southern lady told me that on one occasion, when jesting with a Northern officer about the inability of his troops to contend with Southern chivalry, although the latter were not half so numerous, he said: "What can we do? We can never catch them; for while we are opening the gates they are all over the children."

Very white men in the South rides from childhood and on to manhood, at long intervals, whereas, to be on horseback is a very disagreeable position for a Yankee, and one which he rarely trusts himself. In the North thousands keep horses, but only to show them off, and for the purpose of having roads if you don't drive on them? they say. To have a horse that can trot a mile in two minutes forty seconds, is the pride of a New Englander; but a good fencer would be as useless to him as an elephant. The troops in the Southern cavalry have their own horses, and upon the breaking out of the war they provided themselves with arms as well. Sabres have since been issued to them by Government, and they have mostly armed themselves with the sabres of the North. Their knowledge of drill is limited, and altogether their constitution resembles much that of our irregular cavalry. As they can never be required to act in an open country suitable to masses of horsemen, they are admirably adapted for the service required of them.

Cavalry that could not fence well would be utterly useless in Virginia, but in a close country like that, where the quantity of wood is so great, and the roads so narrow, a body of good riders, such as the Southern cavalry, are invaluable to a General, as by this means alone he can learn the movements, and sometimes the whereabouts, of the enemy. The want of such skilled horsemen is sadly felt in the Federal armies, and accounts in a measure for their general ignorance of where the enemy is and what he is doing. The Federal generals hitherto have been extremely rash or extremely cautious and slow. They spurn the advantages attending upon their irregular army; and, unable to attain the efficiency of regulars, they possess the drawbacks of both systems, without the advantages of either.

The Southern ranks, on the contrary, have attained an efficiency equal to that of the best regulars. They are, therefore, enabled to make long marches, carrying light, meanwhile, for regularity, so long as they can form line upon the decisive points; while their puzzled enemy, clogged with all the routine of drill, without officers able to direct it, or soldiers sufficiently instructed to perform it, is trying in vain to discover their whereabouts. It is owing to these circumstances that the Southern cavalry under Stuart has been so able to march round and round McClelland, seizing and destroying his reserve of stores in the rear, while he was blindly feeling for them in front. It is the real power of an army rests in its ability of marching well, the Confederates make up for their deficiency of number by their rapidity of movement.

**TIED OF READING ABOUT THE WAR.**—It seems that even in some parts of New England the people have begun to get weary of so much political preaching. A notable case is that of the "Old Congressional Society" of New Britain, Litchfield county, Conn., where Dr. Lyman Beecher so long preached. The Society at a recent meeting passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Pulpit Committee of this society are hereby instructed that whenever they employ a minister of the Gospel to preach in their meeting house on the Sabbath, they shall first inform said minister that he is employed to preach the Gospel truth according to the Bible doctrine, Christ and him crucified, and that only. That he is strictly prohibited by a vote of this society from delivering any discourses of any description upon the present war, and that he shall not allude to the matter either in prayer or sermon.

**A SENSIBLE YANKEE GIRL.** Lizzie Campbell, of Oskaloosa, writes to her brother, a Federal soldier in Rosecrans' army, a letter which was found on the battlefield of Murfreesboro'. Lizzie says:

There has been enough white men killed to have paid for the infernal negroes fifty times over, and you will never conquer the South until you kill the last man of them. There is too much grit there. They have been wronged and they know it, and will die rather than give in.

## A Clear Creek Mother and Child.

Reader, a young woman don't understand baby talk. It requires the infantile education of a dozen or so, before a woman can soft-soap a child to sleep.

I was once a sojourner in the northern portion of Mississippi, and, with a fellow-student, had been on a ramble out between Clear Creek and Cold Water. Here were then found some untarnished American jewels in the rough, and through many a crack and crevice gleamed the genuine gem of first water. Those immediately under consideration were a woman, her husband and fourteen hearty children. The woman was about forty-five years old, having broad, open features, expressive of credulity, perfectly natural in those persons who have lived apart from the intricacies and schemes of more civilized life. Her husband was a hard working farmer, a favorite in the neighborhood, and generally called Squire Roddy. The pet of the whole concern was a baby about sixteen months old. But however much the little Cynthya Liza Pop Roddy was petted and caressed by her doting sisters, she would go to the old lady in face of it all.

The dwelling of the Squire consisted of a double log cabin, and an office in the yard to which the boys were sent when there was company, the girls leaving their room for strangers, and roosting in the old folk's room on such occasions. When Jerry G. and I retired, the whole family had collected in the other room, and as our bed was near the partition, and the clinks out between the logs, it was impossible not to peer through upon the company in the other room. As their conversation waxed louder and funnier, we had taken very serious positions upon our knees, watching operations in the other room. "Jerry," said I, "we will see something right pretty soon." He swelled up like a porpoise, and leaning up to me whispered with an evident suppression of his risibles. "If you are not in a rich position right now, I'll go to sleep!" It was truly ridiculous. Jerry was in his shirt, alone, kneeling against the wall with his head bent a little to one side, peeping through an open chink. I was on my elbows, resting upon my elbows, while my knees supported me on a higher part of the bed, so that my head was a foot lower than my back. I had to take this position in order to see anything. The opening of the family converse, after we began to eavesdrop, nearly overtook Jerry: he was obliged to choke himself with a sheet to suppress his laughter. It commenced about thus:

"Maum, I believe a booger's in my head big as your thumb nail. For God's sake ketch him fore he eats a hole in my brains." This was spoken by a small boy about fourteen, with a long nose which spraddled at the end, and gave a nasal twang to his words. "Gim me the wool kerds, Marthy, an lem me scrub Zach's head: he's the licest boy in the county," said mammy.

Sally got the cards before Marthy, and as Zach knelt on his mother's lap, she raised his coat tail and gave him a stout bang just above his thighs.

"Kithat Sal, ur I'll tell all about how Bill Pretter hugged you yistday."

"Bill Pretter hug Sal? you bug that dirty, gawky gozlin? I'd as leaf had a polecat as I," said the mother. "Yes, and so he did," spoke up a rough, tangle-haired boy about sixteen; "he aint got sense 'nuf to toot goats to a bear, an I've seen he fust little Johnny Randie, an come nigh bustin' his belly w'ithem mule-huffs of his'n, I aint had no use for him."

"Ls, sakes!" ejaculated the mother, "ef I do ketch you and Bill huggin', I lay I'll lam you tel you'll never hug another boy, 'thout bein' too sore to set down."

At this I thought Jerry and I would have to cease examinations and cover up our heads, but the curious was ascendant and we trembled and shook with our hands against the logs. By this time the "booger" was ousted and a general laugh and tease went against Sally, who brushed around by the Squire, sat down and commenced playing with the toes of her shoes. Just then Zach opened in this wise:

"Well, ef Bill did hug Sal, while he was doin' uv it I hugged his sister and kissed her, too, dod drot ef I did'n, and she sunk up so close to me I jest did git loose quick enuff to keep Bill from ketchin' uv us; an' maum, I b'lieves yit she give me that booger, fur I found three nits on that piece a hair she gun gave."

"Lord bless me, Zach, hush your lyin'. You allers did hev boogers in your head," retorted mother.

"Ef I does, 'tain't my fault, fur Harry Crowder's jest got a bat full and shakes em out on my desk to crack em, an' I've seed him string 'em and pen 'em in holes he's got in his bench."

"Great Scott! seems, did you ever hear such lousy talk?" said Jerry.

"Hush-h-h!" said I, "the old lady speaks." "Bring me Pop to suckle and put her to sleep."

Several girls grabbed for the baby; being too rough, the child began to inflate its lungs and squeeze the wind from its mouth in long and continued squalls.

"Dah, dah—sis dun cused it—dun yubbed Pop's yittle belly and huss e yittle mou."

## At this, from Judah, we both went into spasms, and buried our heads in the coverlid.

When we looked again the mother had taken up the baby and the conversation at the same time.

"Dah, dah, dah—Pop shill walk er little footies on de floors: let maumma yub Pop's yittle, yound telwee tumnick till it's yed. Mudder's dumplin' ooger plum, Bow we, we, we" poking baby in short ribs. "Bloodsh, Boroooh!" (pressing her mouth against the child's neck and forcing out the wind with a most discordant sound that threw Jerry back among the sheets.) "Bloodsh—Frasnap—Froooh—Frap—Froooh!"

Baby still cried. "Pop want suck some? Yes, madder knows what piggy wants; piggy wiggys wants fur suck."

But Pop wouldn't suck, and mother carries it to the door: the moon shone brightly. "Cho, yittle Pop don wan no milk, want see ole Yoper Sole Smootoot?" (a dog and horse.) "Dars ole Yoper; bow wow, old doggy. Hear ole Smootoot chawin' corn. Yesh, ole boss track corn and chaw fodder, dood ole Smootoot fur yide Pop in the mornin'." Child ceases to cry and mother walks back as a chicken crows. "Hear ole tock row? Q yesh, ole chickens. Pop will whet e little toofies on ole dum stick."

"Ma, for God's sake, hush. I never did hear a woman talk a baby to death like you," said a boy about sixteen, with uncombed hair.

"I know when I git a baby I never will be such a fool about 'em as ma and Judah," spoke by a plump girl.

"I bet my bo an arer gin yoo chiny-dol you will be a bigger fool an' mammy or Judah any one; gals gits mighty proud when they gits to makin' live chilum."

This brought down the house, on Mollie and Jerry came scrambling back over me quivering worse than a man with a buck, and knocked two slats from the bed. About this time the old Squire woke up and sent off the boys. We whispered and chuckled and blew until the proxymic left, and long after all was quiet went to sleep.

## CURE FOR THE NEURALGIA.

The Alta Californian says some time since we published, at the request of a friend, a recipe to cure the neuralgia. Half a drachm of sal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken, a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times; at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. Half a dozen different persons have since then tried the recipe, on the recommendation of the Alta, and in every case an immediate cure was effected. In one case the sufferer, a lady, had been subjected to very acute pains for more than a week, and her physician was unable to alleviate her sufferings, when a teaspoonful of the solution of sal ammoniac in camphor water relieved her in a couple of minutes. Whether the recipe will cure all attacks of neuralgia, is a question which we can not answer; but that it will cure many we are well assured.

The telegraph again revives the story of foreign intervention. Napoleon can brook the blockade no longer than the end of March. So the New York Times effects to believe. Between the prospects of foreign aid, and the signs of peace in the Northwest, our people, there is reason to fear, will be lulled to sleep. We conjure our readers to turn from all this silly twaddle and give ear to the truth as it is thus forcibly given by the Richmond Enquirer:

The moral of all this, the lesson we have to learn from all the rumors, both of French mediation and of Northwest revolution, is that now, more than ever, our army should be kept full, and strong, and ready. Believe it soldiers you are our only friends. It is on your style of diplomacy we rely. That was a statesmanlike stroke of policy you made at Fredericksburg; you wrote an able state paper at Murfreesboro; and we defy the world to produce a nobler official memorandum than you edited on the hills of Vicksburg. If Europe makes overtures of friendship—if the great Northwest comes crawling to our feet, it is because you stand there. Confederate soldiers! rally under your glorious battle flag, and defy all the end of the earth to haul it down.

We hear but little from the Yankees who lately entered the Yazoo Pass, but we are satisfied this new route to get in the rear of Vicksburg has not been abandoned. The enemy have yet and will continue to have for some time an abundance of water for all purposes. Their object will no doubt be to strike the railroad below Grenada, and after destroying it, move on down the Yazoo and attempt to get in the rear of Vicksburg, and cut off railroad communication with Jackson. This is, of course, a heavy job, but with an iron clad fleet and an abundance of men, they may attempt to accomplish it. We would, therefore, say keep an eye on the Yazoo as well as Vicksburg. Some of our exchanges intimate that preparations are being made to swallow every Yankee and Yankee craft that comes down "the river of death." We hope such is the case—that enough importance is attached to the operations now in Coldwater, to render extensive preparations necessary in that quarter.—*Vicksburg Whig, 10th.*

## Slave Insurrection Projected by the Federal Authorities.

We invite attention to the following, which we find in the St. Louis Republican. It reveals a purpose of the most infamous character, which should bring upon its projectors the execrations of all the world:

HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA, February 19, 1863.

For some weeks preparations for a foray upon an extensive scale into some of the most thickly populated districts of one of the three States comprised in the department of the South, have been in progress with the greatest possible secrecy. Few persons within our lines are aware of the project even at this time, when orders to begin the movement are about being given. The plan is to surprise the rebels, not with the phantom, but the reality of servile insurrection, by the sudden appearance in arms, in the region selected, of a body of no less than five thousand negroes, properly led by whites and supported by regular troops. Communication has been opened and kept up for some time by trustworthy contrabands with the bondmen of the chosen field of operations, and they know when the liberating host will appear, and are ready to rise in thousands and swell it to a wave so mighty that it will sweep both rebellion and slavery out of existence wherever it may roll. The words of Wendell Phillips at Plymouth Church, will be realized—the question of fighting the rebels with their slaves beyond the control of politicians. A great volcano is about bursting, whose lava will burn and flow and destroy despite "conservatism" and "peace resolutions." The exact direction of the expedition, the Northern public is most likely to learn through Southern prints.

## REARING CHILDREN.

First.—Children should not go to school until six years old.

Second.—Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.

Third.—Should be fed with plain, substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

Fourth.—Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bedtime.

Fifth.—Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or emulsion tea or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

Sixth.—Should sleep in separate beds on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

Seventh.—Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast until half an hour before sun down, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should never be allowed to go outside the door.

Eighth.—Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

Ninth.—Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not injurious to person or property, or against good morals.

Tenth.—Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

Eleventh.—Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and, when really needed, firmly—no more.

Twelfth.—By all means arrange it so that the last words you and your children at bedtime, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmix'd affection.

**OUR NATURAL BOUNDARIES.**—A Natural Officer's Definition.—The following story in the New Hampshire Patriot is from the pen of ex-President Pierce: Capt. — of the U. S. Navy, was especially distinguished for his eccentricity of manner, and for his proficiency in seamanship. On one occasion, during a cruise in the Mediterranean, he so acquitted himself as to induce some English and French officers, who were engaged upon similar service (cruising) to tender him a complimentary dinner, as an evidence of their appreciation of his professional skill. At the time designated many were present. Customary courtesies were being exchanged, and international tastes and sentiments were being liberally indulged in, accompanied by corresponding potations, when one of the officers in her Majesty's service, having become somewhat oblivious, remarked with characteristic brusqueness: "Captain, I have but one great objection to your countrymen."

"Ah! naively said the Captain, what is that?"

"An insatiable desire for the acquisition of territory. Then, becoming excited by his subject, he continued—"I am satisfied, Captain, there will be no end to it."

"Oh, yes, quietly and coolly replied the Captain."

"For God's sake, when? emphatically inquired the officer."

"When, responded the Captain, preserving his equanimity, we reach our national boundaries."

"Will you please inform me where those may be? interrogated the English officer sarcastically."

"Where?" said the Captain, assuming an inimitable manner, "from h—l to the Aurora Borealis!"

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who, being asked by a friend, "Has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered—"Upon my life I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

Happy are the orphan children, for they have no mothers to spank them.